THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

THE HEIGHTS.

Hail to the heights that bid me climb,
Or capped with green, or white with rime!
Ever they hold out lures of hope
To lead me on from slope to slope;
And though when I the crests have won
There be no meed to seize upon,
Effort my sure reward shall be,
The striving and the mastery;
So, as I journey on with Time,
I hail the heights that bid me climb!

—Clinton Scollard.

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DEFIERS OF THE LAW.

The trouble which the Oakland authorities are having with the Industrial Workers of the World is only a fragment of the great problem which is uppermost the world over because of economic and industrial conditions. There is a world-wide ferment, and no one can predict what the outcome will be.

It is evident that a somewhat rapidly increasing number of people are determined to overthrow the individualistic system of industry and establish collectivism in its stead. Different courses are advocated to attain this end.

Among the most radical of those who have this aim are the Industrial Workers of the World. Captain Peterson of the Oakland police says: "The reason for prohibiting the I. W. W. from speaking on the streets is that they were blasphemous and profane; treasonable in their utterances in regard to the American flag and all that it symbolizes, the government of this nation and the president of the United States; abusive, obscene and unmeasured in their language as regards all forms of religion, and slanderous of the character of ministers, priests and church-goers. According to them, every man who owns his own home is a thief, every churchman a hypocrite, and every officer of organized government an oppressor."

And these Oakland agitators have not hesitated to resort to violence in defense of what they claim as their sacred rights. One citizen was knocked down simply because he remonstrated with a speaker because of his attack on religion.

It is not possible to distinguish between Socialists and Industrial Workers of the World. In their makeup the organizations mingle. And everywhere there are leading members of the Socialist party who are just as radical and anarchistic in their utterances as are the anarchistic elements of the Industrial Workers of the World. W. D. Haywood is a prominent member of the socialist party, and in his recent speech in Cooper Union, New York City, under the auspices of the local socialist party he said concerning the Christian socialist: "The Christian socialist is one who is drunk on religious fanaticism, and is trying to sober up on economic truth; and when he gets about half sober he thinks that he can convert the capitalist to Christianity, and that the capitalist will be willing to turn over all these things to the brotherhood of man. He overlooks the fact that the capitalist is of the devil, and that's a poor place for a Christian socialist to proselyte."

Haywood scorns every effort that looks to the conversion of the capitalist to socialistic ideas. He will have nothing to do with any compromise or half way measure; would allow no compensation. But when he comes to the word confiscate he says, "That's good; I like that word!"

In a pamphlet written by W. D. Haywood and Frank Bohn it is said that when the worker comes to know a certain "truth" he acts accordingly. "He retains absolutely no respect for the property 'rights' of the profit-takers. He will use any weapon which will win his fight. He knows that the present laws of property are made by and for the capitalists. Therefore he noes not hesitate to break them."

In his New York speech, which was after the confession of the McNamaras, Haywood said that his heart was with them as long as they continued to fight for the interests of the workingman. Speaking of capitalists, he said:They continue to murder us by thousands every year. And until we have brought about that condition whereby we can protect ourselves I can't find it in my heart to condemn one of my own class.

We have additional insight as to the kind of weapons Haywood would use in his remarks in New York on "sabotage," malicious destruction of machinery: "I don't know of anything that can be applied that will bring as much satisfaction to you, as much anguish to the boss, as a little sabotage in the right place, at the proper time. Find out what it means. It won't hurt you and it will cripple the boss."

Robert Rives La Monte, in the February issue of The International Socialist Review, which is published in Chicago by a company of about 1500 socialists, supplements Haywood's words on sabotage by this: "Sabotage has this great advantage over striking; you can stay on your job and continue to draw pay while you commit sabotage. Used too freely, like whisky, it may prove dangerous, but used with brains sabotage is an excellent weapon in the class warfare."

On the other hand Eugene Debs says: "For one, I hope to see the socialist party place itself squarely on record at the coming national convention against sabotage and every other form of violence and destructiveness suggested by what is known as direct action."

On the contrary the Review remarks editorially: "As for the question of sabotage, that is a matter that can never be settled in conventions or in printed arguments. It can be settled only from day to day by the workers in the industries. When they have developed the intelligence to unite in one big union they will be able to use this dangerous weapon when it is needed and only when it is needed, and nothing that the Review may print or that conventions may resolve will matter much.

In the same number of the Socialist Review in which were published these remarks by Haywood on sabotage, and his statement that he could not condemn the McNamaras for murder because in his judgment capitalism was committing murder, Eugene Debs entered on a defence of the words heretofore quoted from the pamphlet by Haywood and Bohn, saying:

"I agree with them that in their fight against capitalism the workers have a right to use any weapon that will help

them to win. It should not be necessary to say that this does not mean the blackjack, the dirk, the lead-pipe or the sawed-off shotgun. The use of these weapons does not help the workers to win, but to lose, and it would be ridiculous to assume that they were in the minds of the authors when they framed that paragraph."

It does not seem ridiculous in the light of Haywood's New York speech.

It is suggestive to note just why Mr. Debs is opposed to law violations. We quote him, putting some of his words in black-faced type: "As a revolutionist I can have no respect for capitalist property laws **nor the least scruple about violating them.** I hold all such laws to have been enacted through chicanery, fraud and corruption, with the sole end in view of dispossessing, robbing, and enslaving the working classes. But this does not imply that I propose making an individual law-breaker of myself and butting my head against the stone wall of existing property laws. * * * **If I had the force to overthrow these despotic laws I would use it without an instant's hesitation or delay. But I haven't got it, and so I am law-abiding under protest—not from scruple, and bide my time."**

Elsewhere Debs said briefly: "It isn't party policy."

We have quoted Mr. Debs heretofore as saying that he would like to have a plank in the national socialist platform against sabotage and all forms of violence, but this he advocates only because he thinks anything other would not be party policy.

No socialist utterance of recent years has attracted more attention than the speech by Haywood in Cooper Union New York, under the auspices of the local socialist party, to which reference has already been made. We quote from the full report in the official socialist organ:

"Do you blame me when I say that I despise the law? (Tremendous applause.) I am not a law-abiding citizen. And more than that no socialist can be a law-abiding citizen. (Applause.) When we come together and are of a common mind, and the purpose of our minds is to overthrow the capitalist system, we become conspirators then against the United States Government. And certainly it is our purpose to abolish this government and establish in its place an industrial democracy (Applause). Now we haven't any hesitation in saying that it is our aim and purpose. Am I correct? (Tremendous applause.) Am I absolutely correct when I state this as being the position of the socialist party not only of New York but of the United States and of every nation of the world?" (Applause.)

Robert Rives La Monte, associate editor of the Socialist Review, comments as follows: "Had Haywood said, 'We are not law respecting, his position would have been impregnable." "As a matter of fact, declares La Monte, "most socialists are law-abiding citizens." But he gets to the same attitude as the others by adding: **"We are because we have to be. The other fellows have the law-enforcing power."**

We find Marcus Hitch, another prominent socialist, writing: "Let us not be terrorized by capitalistic moralists into a denunciation of every act of violence as morally unjust, however unwise it may have been. * * * The still small voice within whispers that murder is not always murder; it is sometimes war." And Hitch asks: "What socialist does not justify the English suffragettes in using violence to get the ballot?"

No one can tell to what such utterances as the foregoing will lead in a few years if the trend is not checked in some way. Surely it behooves the law-loving, law-abiding workingmen and employers to get together and to try to devise some plan by which each side shall have a square deal, and in which there will be a mutual recognition of the fact that neither is being wronged or defrauded.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

Rev. Joseph Rowell.

Some Incidents.

The steamship Georgia, Capt D. D. Porter, entered Havana harbor, rounding the threatenin Morro and tying up to a wharf piled with coal. There waited a line of negroes (slaves) with shovels and small baskets, and another line of negro women, who, with filled baskets on their heads, marched in a line up the steep gang plank, chanting in a monotone (in Spanish) keeping step to the music, "Higgins is a rascal," (Higgins was the boss who exacted hard work for small wages).

As there would be some hours of waiting, the chaplain made a tour of investigation. He noted the peculiar painting of the houses, red, white, blue, yellow and green, all soft colors. He entered a garden, where a slave was working a little and dawdling much, with whom he conversed, mostly by signs. Seeing a viny plant he asked, "Que es?" In reply the negro dug with his hand and produced a small root—the first sweet potato. Then, from the far side, rushed in a shiny, shallow-faced man, and called in an alarmed tone, "Lopez," and he with the negro, vanished behind the shrubbery, (Lopez was the leader of the revolt that had just been quelled), the chaplain, thinking a rifle shot might be the next salute, retreated.

A mile farther on, at a bridge, and a mill which overlooked the city he took out a note book to make some entry, but was stopped by a heavy hand on his shoulder, and a harsh "No!" Turning he saw a negro soldier with a gun on his shoulder, who had, no doubt, been following him secretly all the way. He supposed himself arrested, but no, the man simply forbade him to make a sketch of the Morro castle. By running he regained the steamer, just as she was casting off her lines.

It was near Gorgona, midway across the Isthmus. Preferring to walk, he had gone out into the forest, and night coming on suddenly (as ever in the tropics), had slept on the ground, with his carpet bag for a pillow and an open umbrella over him, undisturbed by scorpions, serpents or pumas (panthers). The morning was very bright and beautiful and at shrt intervals, but regularly, fell on his ears a soft, melodious tone, something like a far-off bell. He tried, in vain, to locate the musician, but meeting a negro, asked him, "Que es este?" He listened a moment and then replied, in tones as soft as the music, "La paloma," (a dove). The beautiful still morning, the caressing song, the musical name, and the man's soft tone, made a combination not to be forgotten.

He came to a pass where a train of loaded mules were halted. A loud halloo had come from the other end, far out of sight, and here these must wait until the others should come through. When after long delay, we entered, the reason became clear. On one side was a precipice, on the other a morass. A narrow path had been cut, or formed, along the side of the cliff, too narrow for meeting of any beasts, or for any turning about. Hosts of feet of mules had worn deep holes in the soft rock, and into these every mule planted his feet,—at this season these holes were full of

muddy water. The rule of the road was—the first "halloo" secures the pass,—and woe to him who should disregard it. The mules understood the rule as well as the men, and no driver could force his pack to enter the pass after the signal was heard. Some skeletons of mules on the morass served as warnings to all passers over. A footman, like the chaplain, had to take what was coming and carry lots of mud on his clothes.

The road from Cruces to old Panama was "the first road made on this continent,"—so it is said. It was certainly the first "transcontinental" road, and now, we are told, that our government will rebuild and maintain that road, a most fit thing to do. At the time of which this article treats it was so broken, and the large paving stones so confused, that the mules could use very little of it.

How He Came to Go to Panama.

During the senior year in the Seminary, of the young man who "worked his way through college," his classmates often conversed about their possible prospective fields of labor. In these talks he did not join, feeling no interest in them. He would simply wait for God's direction. He had several offers, one in New York City, but said no to each, and when asked his reasons, answered simply, "I do not feel like it." But when the Secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society, after consulting with the Professors, asked him to go as their chaplain to Panama, it did not take him five minutes to decide the question. He said, "When that railroad is finished Panama will be an important seaport, and ought to have a chaplain—it is a pestilential hole, and it will be hard to find a good man willing to go there. I am tough and can stand the climate if any one can, and I will go." It was arranged that he should go as the agent of two societies,—the Am. Seamen's Friend and the Am. and Foreign Christian Union—an anti-papal Society. But when it was time to go, there was no money in the treasury of the latter socety and he was told that he must wait till there should be money in hand. He said, "Then I withdraw from you—I will not wait." Then he said to the secretary of the other society, "Do as you have agreed and I will be responsible for the other half of my support." He had not the least idea of whence his half was to come, but he reasoned that if God was sending him, He was bound to provide the means.

There was in New York a lawyer named Alexander, son of the Rev. Archibald Alexander, of Princeton Seminary, who knew of this young man's work in that city, though he had never met him. This man wrote to Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State in Washington, commending the new chaplain and asking him to instruct our consul at Panama to care for him when he should arrive. Such instructions were sent, (I have now the letter containing them, and value it because it bears the autograph of Daniel Webster), and on arriving the chaplain learned, to his own surprise, that he was a ward of his government. The Consul first appointed a preaching service at the consulate, to which he invited all the leading American and English residents, so that the chaplain's first sermon in Panama was addressed to the magnates of the place, all invited by note. He told them plainly what he intended to do, not sparing their sins; when he said this there followed smiles and nods which seemed to say "He will have his hands full," but they were not displeased and when the Consul circulated a subscription paper, heading it with his own two hundred and fifty dollar subscription, all subscribed liberally, and so the half salary for which the chaplain had made himself responsible, more than doubled the other half, and enabled him in years following, to make several trips to his native land.

THE FOUNDATION OF MY HOUSE OF FAITH.

A Sermon by W. Elsworth Lawson, in Pilgrim Church, Oakland.

"And because ye are sons, God sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our heart's, crying, Abba, Father."
Gal. 4:6.

This is not theology, it is religion. It is the perfect expression of Christianity as a vital personal experience. That is why I have chosen it for this discourse. I propose to tell you something of what the Christian religion means to me. I shall not attempt to define a final theology, but to express, as far as I am able, my personal faith and hope.

Long before I read it in the pages of Burke, I had discovered for myself that "man is a religious animal." It was not necessary that I should travel beyond the threshold of a workingman's cottage to make that discovery; for there I saw daily for twenty years one of God's gentlemen amid the humblest circumstances living the Christ-like life. It is surely fitting that I should commence the confession of the hope that is in me with the acknowledgement of the infinite debt I owe to a father's piety. Trained in the school of Wesley, sitting in the very chair of Wesley when he conducted his simple class-meetings, the spirit of Wesley seemed to live again in that humble uneducated servant of God. And it was from him, after much tribulation, that I learned to listen to the Voice within me, to hate meanness, to love honesty, to speak the truth, and to live in the open. I brought him sorrow, yet the end for him was joy; for he lived just long enough to see his son a preacher of the Gospel that he so much loved.

Spiritual influences, then, surrounded me from my infancy; but it was not until my nineteenth year was passed, and after bitter experiences, that I began to put my life, with all its issues, into the keeping of the Master. Almost at the same time came my call to preach. What can I say about it? How explain to you what is still to me the inexplicable? I heard no voices, I saw no vision, I dreamt no dreams. All was interior, spiritual, yet compelling. The circumstances of my life seemed dead set against any such call. I was crude, ignorant, hot-headed, and poor; and I came of a race of stammerers. Yet I believed, and my father shared in that belief, that I was to be a preacher. By and by, my career began in a theological school for lay evangelists. Of my experiences there I have not time to tell. But, four years later, when that school was left behind, my mental history really began. During those four years I had read little save on conventional and not very intellectual lines. But one day I came across some popular books on evolution which, in a single evening, destroyed my self-complacency, revealed the extent of my ignorance, and laid bare the slender foundations of my faith. There followed a time of confusion and darkness. To speak of it would be to speak of that which many men must have known. That sense of swinging, as it were, in mid-air, the hands vainly trying to grasp the skies, the feet vainly searching for solid ground; that utter bewilderment at the loss of the unquestioned faiths of childhood; that experience of terror in the loneliness about one; that "forced and desperate peace," of attempted resignation to "the blind nature of things,"—who has not felt and known some hing of these things in his solitary journey to the heights?

I knew no one to whom I dared open my mind. And for a while I ceased reading theology, and plunged feverishly into poetry, fiction, literary, criticism, science, and the tumultuous pages of history. Seeking there only relief from my torturing doubt I unconsciously laid the foundation for the culture of the spirit. The narrow dogmatic evangelist gave way before the larger outlook, the fresh sympathy, the deeper insight, and the reverent spirit of inquiry which I found in the splendid kingdom of letters. And so, when my mind turned again to theology, it was with a profound appreciation of its limitations, and with a passionate desire to learn the truth; a desire which I have never lost. Slowly I began to see that every age, with more or less sincerity, had sought light for itself, and had striven to create its own expression of truth; and I gained courage to

approach the questions of modern life and experience. I saw that God had been leading me out of a house built for me by o her hands, to virgin materials with which I must build a house for myself. I cannot describe the process of discovery, for it is not all c ear even to me. I can only give you a glimpse of the living stones which form the foundation upon which my House of Faith is still a-building.

I have said that from my childhood I was aware of God. But when I compare my early sense of the Divine Presence about me with the consciousness of God which sometimes thrills my being today, I find an immense difference. In those early days God was in His heaven; and I conceived of Him as occasionally coming down to an Adam, a Noah, an Abraham, a Moses; and I looked for Him to rend the heavens and come down to me also. I looked for startling visions, listened for supernatural voices, and waited for phenomenal experiences. I never thought of looking for God in my daily work, in the normal opportunities for love and service. I conceived the hill near my home as a second Sinai; and my surprise would have been small indeed had I met God face to face beneath the great oaks. I seemed to expect Him everywhere. But always in my thought of God mingled disquieting visions of splendor and majesty and judgment. It was, indeed, the God of Power, the Judge, the Avenger—a spectacular God, maker of heaven and earth that filled my mind. I do not know just when I began to see that this God of power, this transcendent God is an immanent God also; that he who inhabiteth eternity dwel'eth also in the heart of man. But it appears to me that my childish conception of God projected itself further into my manhood than any other ideas of those early years.

But gradually my thought of God changed. Modern science, with its conception of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed; modern philosophy, with its deepening insistence on unity; and modern history, with its revelation of a mighty current in human affairs actually making for righteousness—all these helped me toward a higher and clearer idea of God. But I have gone a step beyond where they led me. I have come to believe that this Eternal Energy, this principle of unity, this ethical power in human history thinks and wills and loves; that the whole world of Nature and of Man is in the hands of One who is righteous, loving, personal. And when I now say that I believe in God, I mean that I have found Him, and He has found me; and that our spiritual communion has really begun—on my part in prayer, for I can speak to God; and on His part in inspiration, for He can speak to me. Now these are the commonplace phrases of Christian people the world over; but they have become to me the profoundest truths of my personal religious life. And because they are truths to me, the theophanies of the Old Testament no longer trouble me. I have come to see that it was in precisely the same way that Abraham also knew God, that Elijah knew Him, that Isaiah and Paul and John knew Him. God was to them an interior personal experience. They felt Him as actually present in their lives. Now, in this psychological age, it will not do to rule out this knowledge of God as subjective. It is subjective, as a'l religious experience must be. Religion belongs to the same order of life as art and literature and music. All vital art, all creative literature and all great music are the outcome of intense subjective activity. They are interior apprehensions before they become exterior and objective expressions. I admit, then, that this knowledge of God is subjective, but it is not mere'y individual. Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Arminian, Trinitarian and Unitarian, Conservative and Radical have all believed in a living God who is the soul of our souls, the life of our lives "centre and soul of every sphere: yet to each loving heart how near!" And this is what I have tried to preach to you. I have tried to he'p you to see that

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more.
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor."

Moreover, I believe, and have preached, that God Himself is not an inference, not a philosophical deduction, nor even a subjective image, the creation of the heart's hunger; but that He has been revealed in history. It is, indeed, as I hope to show you, through this historical manifestation of God that we really come to know Him. I will not now speak of the revelation of God in the Bible, and in the Church; though I believe there is such a revelation for those who have eyes to see. We may differ widely in our judgments regarding both the Book and the Institution; but whatever our theory of Inspiration may be, we believe that God speaks to us through the Psalms and parables, the history and legends, the sermons and letters which compose our Bible; and whatever criticism we may pass on the Church, we still hold it to be a channel of Divine grace. Yet not in either of these, but in the consciousness and character of Jesus do I find God fully manifested. That is why he has become the centre of all my preaching.

Now, we do not all interpret Jesus Christ in the same way. Some of us are constitutionally very bold. No language is too strong for us, no analogy too subtle, no flight of the intellect too venturesome when we seek to explain the relation of Jesus to God. But there are others of us whose minds are shy and timid. We are not theologians so much as mystics. We approach Jesus rather by the way of love than of thought, and we dislike to theologize over that we love. Metaphysical subtleties, keen arguments regarding essence, prolation, emanation, and so on, rather frighten us. We seem to lose our Christ in them. Like Mary we cry: "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." We do not even profess to know what they mean, nor whereto they would lead us. We admit that they may have some value for the intellect, yet of the quality of that value we are not so sure; but we do seem to grow more and more certain that they have no religious value whatever to us; and it is with the religious value of Jesus we most concern ourselves.

Now, I confess that I belong to this latter class. I can not think that Jesus has gained anything by the abstractions of ecclesiastical doctors, however inevitable those abstractions were. I admit frankly that I am simply unable to say whether or not I believe in the metaphysical oneness of Jesus and God. I am not perfectly sure that I know what it means. But I am well content to leave to the bolder spirits of the Church the great task of definition, while I seek to approach my Lord through the apprehensions of faith and love. I can conceive of nothing higher than Jesus Christ. In Him I see the moral being of God made manifest; and he commands my allegiance, my life. All in my nature that is capable of love goes out to Him, all my confidence is in Him, He is the fountain-light of all my day, the master-light of all my seeing. And it is not in his teaching alone that I find the manifestation of the God for whom my spirit longs, but in Himself. It has become impossible for me to separate Jesus from the Gospel he declared. His moral greatness, his spiritual insight, his amazing knowledge, and the authority which he wields within the conscience of mankind—all this can have no other source than his own unique filial consciousness. Thus, in his assertion, "I and my Father are one," I recognise the deepest moral truth for life. He is the image of God. God "adumbrated," as Beecher used to say, that we might look at him.

The longer I preach the more convinced I become that the Incarnation of the Son of God is the fundamental truth of the Christian re'igion.

God is spirit, and spirit acts on spirit, only secondarily on flesh; and Jesus Christ is the Son of God with power according to the Spirit of Holiness. His unique Sonship is a moral and Spiritual thing, and is discovered in the transcendent consciousness and character of Jesus Christ himse'f.

And part of my preaching has been the unfolding of this spiritual view of the Incarnation; for in the light of it, we see God as the living Father—not standng outside of man, indifferent to his interests, but bound up with every fortune of humanity; the very Divine Presence that has penetrated our whole civilization with grace and truth. The Incarnation did not begin with the lowly birth in Bethlehem; but that birth is the full, and therfore the unique revelation of a Divine process which must continue till humanity becomes the very incarnation of God, and all our kingdoms—the kingdoms of imagination and intellect, of science and religion, of business and pleasure—have become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. For I behold in Christ Jesus, not only the Son of God, but the secret of Sonship in man. He is the Son of God with power.

When I began to ask why Jesus came into the world, I found only one satisfactory answer; and that answer I

have never ceased to proclaim. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." The purpose of the Advent was the winning of man to God. In Jesus I see what God is, and what man is intended to be. But such a seeing would be a revelation of despair if he did not also bring me nigh to God, and set my face in the direction of the ideal manhood. Do you remember how Mark tells us that when Peter's mother-in-law lay sick of a fever, and when the epileptic boy lay on the ground as one dead, Jesus took them by the hand and lifted them up? Well! I believe that all the approaches of Christ to us are redemptive; that all his commands are in some way also inspirations; that sinful man though I am, the moment I become willing to obey him the power is given me to obey. Thus when I further say that I believe in Jesus Christ, I mean that he is my ideal of a man's life, the supreme object of my adoration; that I desire above all things to reproduce the Christ-life, according as I have power; and that I believe both the desire and the power come through Him.

Now, the clearest and finest minds of the Christian Church have always fixed on the word "Savior" as the fittest word in which to sum up the significance of Christ to humanity. Reconciliation! Redemption! Are not these the very central words of the Gospel? Can we think of the Christian religion without them? Whatever our theories may be regarding the manner and the philosophy of the Atonement, we cling lovingly to the fact, and proclaim it with passion and sincerity. Whatever else it means, we are sure that it is the making of men at one with God, and at one with each other. It has always seemed to me one of the most pitiful tragedies of the Christian Church that the one doctrine which was intended to bind men together in God should have become the storm-centre of its bitterest controversies. Surely here we ought to be allowed to declare our faith in peace! As for myself, I can not any longer believe, as once I did, that Jesus died on the Cross to change God's attitude toward men. Neither do I look today upon Calvary as a sensational object-lesson intended to impress sinners. What I do most sincerely believe is that the Cross is the adequate and eternal symbol of the love and sorrow of God; that, in the language of the Bible, Christ was slain before the foundation of the world. I see the Cross in Heaven as well as upon the earth.

It is one of the difficulties of our present theological situation that we have come largely to think of the Atonement as a single dramatic act, as something which happened once for all at a definite moment of time, and according to a fixed plan of salvation. But, surely, that is to misconceive and belittle the truth of the Cross. If Jesus be really the full manifestation of God, then his life and death can mean nothing less than this; that God is eternally what Jesus was in time. And in the light which streams from Calvary men are beginning to recognise an Eternal Atonement; a perpetual Divine process of reconciliation, a process of which the Cross is the historic expression and revelation. O, we have no glimmer of hope apart from the Cross. But that Cross comes to mean more and more to us as we see behind the suffering Son,—not an angry God demanding from him the last farthing of our debt before he will consent to forgive us,—but the loving suffering Father Himself who must suffer as long as we, his children, sin, and must seek to save us. Here is the highest revelation of the Divine that can ever be made to man: The death of Jesus, not the reason why God forgives us, but the supreme expression in human terms of the Father's compassionate heart which is always and everywhere yearning and seeking to redeem us.

Well! It was through this conception of God, not as the impassable eternally joyful Being of the theology of my youth, but as the Father who Himself suffered and sympathized with men, that I came to see the meaning of sin. My early idea of sin, as simply the transgression of some Divine commandment, fell away through sheer inadequacy. Sin is not against a statute, but against a Person. It is not a violation of law, but a violation of love. That is why the Cross convicts of sin and saves from sin. For that which really conquers men is the love, the infinite yearning of God which speaks in the Cross. "For God was in Christ reconciling." Here, then, is the meaning I find in Calvary: The death of Jesus, not an ordered sacrifice for the purpose of satisfying some imaginary Divine scheme of justice (that is purely a theological figment), but a self-sacrifice, the culmination and crown of all his revelation concerning the life of man and the character of God. And its one purpose was to bear away the sin of the world.

Once more, I believe that what Jesus did in Galilee and Judea, he is doing today, here in our own cities, through the Eternal Spirit. I do not worship a dead Jesus, but a living Lord, a Christ enthroned, a Christ who has all power, and whose sympathy was not left with the grave-clothes in the tomb. He who is historically known to us in the New Testament, continues to make himself known to our hearts as the indwelling spirit that we also may have power to become the Sons of God and share the life and spirit of Christ.

Here, then, are the three modes in which I find God manifesting Himself: as the Father, as the Son, and as the Holy Spirit. The scientific theologian has his own way of defining the doctrines of the Trinity, a way sometmes very wonderful, very awe-inspiring, but not always contributary to the real needs of humanity. But, as they are conceived in the earliest Christian writings, and historically realized in the experience of the saints of all ages, these three revelations of God's activity make known all that really can be known of God's love, and of the power which makes that love operative in the lives of men. To think of God as the Eternal Loving Will at the core of things, to think of Jesus Christ as the incomparable expression of that Will, and to think of the Holy Spirit as the present living power through which we can respond to that Will and become Christ-like—that, I believe, is to think in the Christian manner. What God is in Himself and to Hmself we can not know. "God only knows the love of God." There must be depths in the Divine Nature which no thought of man can ever fathom. But what God is to us the Church has preserved in the symbols: "Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. God as Father, God as Savior, God as the living interior Inspirer of all who strive after the perfect life—this is of the very essence of the Chrstian religion as I have come to understand it.

All that is vital in my preaching can be summed up in these simple convictions. I believe that God is the Living Father; that His activities on the earth have never ceased; that all men of whatever race, color, condition and attainment are His children, and His whether they are aware of it or not. I believe that Jesus Christ is the one Son of God who realized perfect Sonship, and that he is therefore the unique revelation of what God is and always has been to us, and of what we must yet become, and of the way to that becoming. I believe that the Holy Spirit has been shed abroad in the hearts of all men, that

> "Every virtue we possess,
> And every victory won,
> And every thought of holiness
> Are His alone."

I believe that the universe is moving towards moral ends under the guidance of an immanent purposive intelligence which is righteous, loving, and personal, and which Jesus taught me to call "Father." I believe that the essence of the Christian life is love, service, and sacrifice; that there is no Christian life at all where this moral trinity is lacking. I believe that salvation is not deliverance from Hell, but from sin. And I believe that Eternal Life is not a gift to be conferred upon us when we pass the dark portals of death, but a present vital consciousness of the Christ within, thrilling our spirits, shaping our lives, commanding our ideals, perfecting our character, moving us to love one another, giving us power to become the sons of God in truth, and helping us to establish the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

These are the greater truths which I believe God has given me permission to interpret. They are the truths by which I do honstly strive to live. I am grieved at heart when I remember how intermittent my inspiration has been, how weak my love to God, how fickle my love to man! But I would live by these truths, nevertheless; and I would be judged by them. I have preached sometimes in great freedom and joy, and sometimes in deep abasement and despair. But however much I have doubted my efficiency as a preacher, I have never doubted the efficiency of the thing preached. And I thank God for the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of His Son.

A JOTTING.

Arizona.

The forty-eighth star in the flag! The last that can be made from that territory which, in grandiloquent language on the Fourth of July, has so often been defined as extending from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf—unless, indeed, Texas, as was provided in the act of Congress which annexed it, should choose to divide into four states its immense area.

Arizona is not only the last, but one of the greatest territorially, having an area of 113,000 square miles, and exceeded in this respect only by Texas, California, Montana, and New Mexico; almost exactly equal to all New England and New York.

Its population two years ago, when the census was taken, was 204,000; if other cities are growing as Tucson and Phoenix seem to be, it has many more than that now. About one-third of this population is in cities of three thousand people or more. Two-thirds of it are scattered through its rugged mountains in lonesome looking homes, or gathered into hamlets of from seven hundred to one thousand people.

There are multitudes of hills and some grand mountains—mountains, so far as my observation extended, of solid, naked rock or of an innumerable multitude of boulders large and small, piled one upon another in utter confusion, for which I could conceive of no possible use. Up to the time at which I saw them, this had been a dry winter and no snow had fallen on these rough places, and people were anxious lest "the treasuries of the snow" should fail them. A friend who lives at an altitude somewhat exceeding five thousand feet, said to me: "I wish we had six feet of snow all over these highlands." They are God's reservoirs to hold till needed the water which, properly husbanded, will make millions of acres such as now look hopelessly barren, to bud and blossom as the rose. At one point in the midst of that apparent utter desolation, I looked out of my car-window and saw a large flock of sheep moving about under the guard and guidance of shepherds, and finding somehow, somewhere, what seemed to supply all their needs. I found, too, that among these rocky and seemingly useless heights are valleys, small, but rich, where fruits ripen and gardens flourish that need not blush in comparison with California itself.

In politics, Arizona is progressive, seeking to cure the ills of present democracy by large and frequent doses of more democracy. They are not afraid of the rule of the people, even to the extreme of the recall, when necessary, of their judges. Even in towns far removed from mines, one who lived in a mining country in California for ten years, seemed to be breathing again the social atmosphere that long ago was so pleasant to him—an atmosphere of freedom, of hope, of generous sharing and daring enterprise.

I have long been curious about the name of this new state. My curiosity gave way to surprise when I learned about it from a professor in the State University. It is an Indian name in the dialect of the Papagoes, a tribe that suffered at the hands of the Apaches because they were friendly to us. It means "small unfailing spring." This spring, however, is not in the state, but across the line in Mexico. In early days a rancho was developed about this spring and bore the name of Arizona Rancho. It became, if I understood correctly, a halting place for travelers coming westward, and this gave its name to the region and so at length to the state. It is a good name as thus interpreted, and if only in this, its day of small things, so far as population and wealth are concerned, it can become a spring of pure water—the water of the River of Life—we will account the name prophetic. And it is this to some extent already.

I went to Arizona to speak in our churches at Tucson and Prescott concerning our work for Orientals, and to attend at Phoenix a meeting of the "Special Committee of the Home Missions Council on Neglected Fields." It happened that February 14, the date of this meeting, was also that for the inauguration of the state's first governor. While this interfered a good deal with our plans, it added much to the interest of my visit. The sessions of the Committee had to give way sufficiently for us to see the procession, the most interesting feature of which was the march of 552 Indians—young men and women, boys and girls, students in the Indian School maintained at Phoenix by the national government. They were preceded by a large band, all their own, which gave the best music I heard anywhere on the occasion. Without guidance or guard of any marshals, they marched in better order than did the American school children who followed them, though for these there were marshals galore. The Indians were, on the whole, a fine looking body of young people, respecting whom the current saying that the only good Indian is a dead one, would seem as absurd as it is cruel.

I had time before I left Phoenix to visit that school. It is an admirable institution, its buildings not quite so modern as those near Riverside, but the grounds well kept, the shops well furnished, the instruction, so far as I could learn, was up-to-date, with abundant playgrounds for the children—a man and woman factory which may, perhaps, turn out results which many American youths might well emulate.

As one rides over the plains of Arizona, one is not impressed by any promise in them for the future. There is certainly "no beauty in them that one should desire them." It looks as if Uncle Sam would be undisturbed in his possession of them for many a year to come. But wait for the water. In the Salt River Valley they have this in limited quantities, and there the same soil, so far as the eye of a passer-by could discern, is clothed in the rich green of thrifty alfalfa—which, I was astonished to hear, could be cut six times in a year. When the Roosevelt Dam is completed, and its waters are spread over that broad plain, it may be that we shall find there Eden itself reproduced.

The emporium of this valley is Phoenix, a fine city, rapidly growing, in which we ought to have a Congregational church. There is a location for it quite remote from any other church, where new houses, and houses in process of building, abound. I am told, and I believe it, that the pastors of churches of other denominations would gladly welcome a sister church bearing our name. Concerning this and other matters ecclesiastical, let me write in Jottings No. 2.

W. C. P.

The Rev. W. Aubrey Wilson, who has been many years in the ministry, would like pulpit supply work. He can be addressed at 3519 Custer street, Oakland. He has supplied acceptably at various places, and was for several months recently in charge of the Congregational Church at Bay Point.

OUR JERUSALEM. DENOMINATIONAL CO-OPERATION.

The following article under the foregoing caption in the California Christian Advocate in all probability expresses not only the editorial judgment but the status of a large number of people in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Doubtless the churches of the United States have not yet to any great extent gotten beyond this. In the opinion of Dr. Arthur Smith, as expressed in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday "The United Church of China" means "The United Church of America."—Editor.

The Advocate takes the ground that the present union of the Protestant denominations is not only permanent but likely to be the highest and most effective form of Christian unity. There may arise here and there over Christendom a necessity for the organic union of denominations. Such instances under the broad law of brotherhood should unite. On the contrary we hold that there may be instances in which denominations may divide and organize new denominations. The unity of Protestant denominations is a unity entirely in accord with the denominational life of Protestantism. In promoting denominational life we are promoting Protestantism and the highest, the most permanent form of Christian unity. It has never yet been shown by the most ardent advocates of organic solidarity that anything more than a spectacular advantage would result.

No one has shown how the church concentrated and shut up in one vast ecclesiastical organization would be more effectual for the saving of society. Unless it can be shown that some new power would be introduced to make such an organic whole effective, some power not now defined or discovered by any of the denominations, such an ecclesiastical solidarity would be, at least might be, a serious menace to civilization. These great denominational families, living in peaceful and fraternal fellowship, co-operating and helping each other, are the ultimate idea of Christian unity. We cannot see that the denominational idea of Christianity contravenes the spirit of Christianity. Such a division provides for the highest co-operation, independent co-operation. Much as we love the ideals, the policies, the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church we could not wish that any denomination would extraneously unite with it. The lack of loyalty to the working ideals of that particular denomination would prove conclusively that its union with any other denomination would be more or less artificial. We can conceive of cases where that principle would be modified, but the principle is practically universal in its application.

We accept Christian unity as a settled fact of Protestantism. That unity provides for unlimited denominational activity and brotherly co-operation among all the denominations. We are careful not to emphasize sectarianism. Sectarianism works for the promotion and aggrandizement of the denomination. It is an intense form of denominationalism and of religious narrowness with which we have no sympathy. The end of true denominationalism is the kingdom of God among men. The end of sectarianism is the promotion of the sect or the organic strength of the denomination.

We now have these great Christian family groups working together, regarding kindly the interests of each other. The unity of Protestantism is theoretically complete and as rapidly as the process can go forward, the resulting unity is found practical. This fact, this denominational basis of co-operation being the only one presented each denomination should seek to make its own plans vigorously, energetically effective. The rights of one family ceases where the rights of the other family begin. The same principle of adjustment prevails when denominations or religious families are concerned. Denominational effort has been discredited in considerable degree by the cry of an abnormal, an impossible unionism. Everything that can be done to promote and sustain good feeling and co-operation between the denominations should be done and if organic union results in any case no regret will be felt. Every Protestant denomination should assume its right to be and its right to promote the Kingdom of God. The highest conception of Christianity is not solidarity, not organic ecclesiasticism, but a vast, free federation whose denominational groups are in sympathy and fellowship and co-operation with each other. Any attempt to over centralize human effort has always reacted and a period of extreme analysis and divisiveness has followed. What the religious world needs is a balance between the centrifugal and centripetal forces of Christian effort. The denominations balanced about the Kingdom of God as a center, regarding and esteeming each other seem to us the highest coordination of Christian effort.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening last Monday, to a talk on St. Patrick by the Rev. B. M. Palmer of Oakland, whom Mr. Palmer spoke of as one whom all might well canonize to some extent. Next Monday the Rev. R. K. Ham will speak on "The Church and the Poor."

The Congregational Church at Santa Ana is greatly bereaved by the passing into the other life, on Monday the 11th of March, of Mrs. Anna L. Crookshank. A friend writes, "She was very much loved by the Church here. We shall miss her greatly. I think she certainly had more friends than anyone else in the community. All feel a personal loss." Many of the readers of The Pacific in this part of California knew Mrs. Crookshank as Anna Louise Martin. Several years ago her father was a California pastor. For six years she was a teacher in the schools of Santa Ana, and was united in marriage to Mr. Crookshank in 1904. Beautiful everywhere will be the memory of her!

Dr. Arthur H. Smith of China, spoke in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday morning and in the First of Alameda in the evening. In the course of his addresses Dr. Smith told of that remarkable movement which originated in China a few years ago for a United Church of China. Considering the mixture of beliefs represented in that conference in China and withal the unity of spirit and purpose, he regarded it as the nearest approach to the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth that he had ever seen or heard of. With reference to the disturbances now going on in China, Dr. Smith said that it was not surprising, and cited history to show that after no great revolution had there been other than ferment for a time.

The changes in China, he said laid on the Churches in this land, a new responsibility. Double the number of men and women are now needed in the mission work. "What are you going to do with China?" is the question pressing now on the churches of America.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Bay Association met in annual session with the Fruitvale Avenue Church of Oakland Tuesday of last week.

The Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda was chosen moderator for the ensuing year and the Rev. B. L. Brittin of Oakland, registrar. The Rev. A. W. Palmer was added to the committee on new constitution, in preparation for the union of the Bay and San Francisco Associations.

It was voted to hold the next meeting at Niles. President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary spoke in a thoroughly enlightening way on "New Movements in Congregationalism," with special reference to the report of the National Council Committee of nineteen.

The following named persons were received to membership: Revs. H. A. Jump, R. F. Carter, W. W. Lovejoy, J. comes from the Methodists, and is to take charge of the Boulevard Church, Oakland.

The committee to which had been referred the case of Mr. Alfred Bailey reported that it found no reason for recommending any change in former action of the Association in suspending him from ministerial standing.

Committees were constituted as follows: Business, Rev. Messrs. Yoakum, Bissell and Brittin; Credential, Messrs. Miles, Lucas and Frear; Missionary, Rev. G. Hinman, Mrs. F. B. Perkins, Prof. Buckham; Proportionate Benevolence, L. D. Rathbone, Mrs. W. J. Wilcox and F. V. Jones Added to the Committee on Approbation to Preach, D. B. Naylor and Prof. Castor; to Prudential Committee, 1915 class, W. C. Barnard, C. S. Nash, C. Z. Merritt; 1914 class, to fill vacancy made by resignation of O. Barber, Rev. H. A. Jump.

At the meeting in Niles there will be further consideration of the National Council Committee report, and the Revs. S. C. Patterson, H. A. Jump and Mr. F. S. Morse were appointed a committee thereon.

During the meeting Mr. Jump called attention to the important work carried on under direction of the Prudential Committee and urged that steps be taken to acquaint the churches with the fact that a fund by means of legacies and bequests would be of great help—supplementing in a valuable way the annual contributions.

The evening address was by the Rev. Herbert A. Jump, of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, on "The Church of Strong Men." In the course of the address Mr. Jump said:

"A boy is commonly called a puzzle. But he is not a puzzle, if you remember that he is neither a young woman nor an old man. Give him the sort of religion that fits his nature, and he will respond to it with alacrity. The boy has been usually neglected by the church. It has tried to force an adult religion down into his soul, and he has had no use for the adult form of religion. Therefore he has drifted out of the Sunday school and declined to go to church, and the church has gradually come to the opinion that the boy constitutes its chief "problem." If, however, we take him for what he is, he will cease to be a problem and will become an asset in a church for strong men.

"A lad in my own Sunday school recently wrote a composition on the subject of "The Christian Boy." One of his sentences was to this effect: 'A Christian boy is a boy who plays the game and who does not sit in the house all day.' In other words, a boy demands action, and he demands action in his religious life. Therefore we should give him the sort of Christianity which places emphasis upon service rather than devotion, upon deeds rather than upon theology.

"Another characteristic of the church of strong men, besides its interest in boys will be its interest in social service. The church which is not doing its part in trying to solve the great industrial problem of this age is a church which in the long run will lose ground. The working man should feel that there is no person in the city who cares more for his interest than the minister of Jesus Christ, who was Himself a working man in Nazareth. And the church as an institution should follow the lead of its minister in acquainting itself wth all aspects of the modern socal question and it should have an intelligent opinion on the matters involved."

MARKET STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAKLAND.

The New Edifice on Myrtle Street.

The present writer inspected the new house of worship of the Market Street Congregational Church of Oakland last week and found it a beautiful edifice, both within and without. The building, which has been constructed by making use of some of the material in the old building at a cost of a little less than ten thousand dollars, could not be duplicated, so competent builders say, for less than eighteen thousand. In the rear of the auditorium there is a Sunday School room which can be used in connection with the auditorium whenever necessary. Opening out of the main Sunday School room is a good-sized room for Bible class use; and above it a primary department room from which the little ones assembled therein can by the raising of a window be made to look down into the main room. Opening out of the auditorium on the west is a room to be used by the ladies societies. An attractive feature is the pergola on both the north and south sides of the building, running well along toward the rear. The ladies anticipate much comfort from this on the summer days when work for the church will keep them there in all day meetings.

The pulpit is in that part of the auditorium which is nearest to the street and entrances are at each corner. Entrances further back along the pergolas obviate the necessity of entering the auditorium facing the congregation.

Only a part of the spacious basement will be finished now, enough for a kitchen. Later a large dining and social hall will be arranged in the basement, entrance to which can be both from the interior and exterior. The exterior entrance at the end of the pergola on the north side, when completed, will be such as to allow easy descent into the rooms below.

The edifice is a shingled one, and attractive to the eye at first glance and when the details are noted.

Though the building does not stand on a corner lot it has been so planned and constructed that it is to be seen a long distance up and down the street on which it is situate.

The Market Street Congregational Church people are to be congratulated! The Rev Griffith Griffiths, the pastor who has labored there so ably and faithfully for several

years, has consented to remain a few weeks or months longer so as to be able to hand over the property without indebtedness to a successor. With great perseverance he is working to secure the few hundred dollars yet needed to finish that part of the basement which must be finished at this time.

One of the things making the building cost more than was expected was the necessity laid upon them of putting in new electric fixtures instead of using the old as planned—because of a city ordinance change. This amounted to $300. Then on the work which could not be done on contract a little more had to be expended for labor than was anticipated.

But here is property worth $25,000, and only about $800 needed to dedicate it free from indebtedness, and it is situate in a part of Oakland needing just such religious effort as it is planned to make there.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE APPORTIONMENT COMMITTEE.

Rev. B. St. John, Chairman—Dear Brother:

By the Pacific of March 6th we note that the Committee is soon to publish in the Pacific "the amounts apportioned by each society and the amounts received, so that each church can tell at a glance whether the full amount was secured or not. We believe this will give wider circulation to the results of last year than merely sending the tabulated schedule to each pastor."

There can be no doubt that the results indicated would follow. But to what purpose?

While it will give certain fortunate churches great satisfaction to have this done, will it not be a great discouragement to the churches which need encouragement the most?

Your schedule will probably show that one half, more or less, of the churches, have met their apportionment; the remainder have not. Why not? To some of them, their apportionment seemed to be too large. The Committee did not know all the circumstances. Other churches did not, for good reasons, adopt the apportionment plan, nor accept the apportionment, when offered. To hold them publicly responsible for it, will be to set back the time for their coming into line. All our churches are looking for a better way than the method of constant pathetic appeal,—a way very often insufficient and always one-sided. They feel kindly toward the new plan. But you cannot shame churches into benevolence. Then why publish their shortcomings? It will only beget discouragement. Why not publish successes? Success begets success.

By patient continuance the success of the apportionment plan will commend itself to the conscience and heart of all our churches.

BEN. F. SARGENT,

Grass Valley, Cal., Mar. 11, 1912.

A PLAN FOR A SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.

Rev. Thomas Hendry has a plan for a Sunday Evening service which is proving very successful. He has a rich voice and music in his soul, making him an exceptionally helpful singer of gospel solos. Miss Violet Dawson assists him with readings rendered with telling effect. A short gospel talk is given by the pastor of the Church. This service was conducted March 10 at Redondo Beach church and was greatly enjoyed by the people. Bro. Hendry ought to have more invitations than he can accept from the churches in and about Los Angeles. His address is 543 So. Broadway.—W. P. Hardy.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Benicia.—Special services are being held. The Rev. E. Owens of Martinez assisting the pastor, Mr. St. John.

Auburn.—At the invitation of the Auburn church Rev. H. G. Miller has become their pastor and is already on the field and at work.

Martinez.—Pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. R. K. Ham of Oakland in the absence of the pastor who is assisting in evangelistic services at Benicia.

Oroville.—Contract has been let for a new church edifice for $21,650. This does not include the heating and furnishing. Total cost will be about $25,000.

Oakland Olivet.—Rev. E. J. Singer began a temporary service as pastor of the Olivet Church on last Sunday morning. The beginning of services here at the morning hour indicates larger congregations and a larger Sunday School also. Mr. Singer will continue with the church until the regular pastor shall come to them.

Oakland Market Street.—At the midweek meeting last Wednesday night Rev. Griffith Griffiths tendered his resignation as pastor of the Market Street Church, which was accepted with much regret, to take effect June 1st. A committee was appointed to formulate suitable resolutions of esteem and appreciation of the good work Mr. Griffiths has done in the church.

Redondo Beach. The Sunday School and Social department addition to the Church will double the size of the Church building and supply a great need. The Sunday School has grown in numbers and efficiency and with the graded system demanded a modern structure with class rooms. The Social side of the Church has been crying for suitable accomodations. It is expected that the new building will be dedicated without debt.

Sacramento—At the March Communion six new members were received. The Christian Endeavor Society recently led in raising $350 for a printing outfit for the church. The calendars, produced on the spot, are now taking on new importance as a weekly bulletin. The ladies Aid Society gives its Men and Religion Banquet this week. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Patten, goes with the Men and Religion Team to Red Bluff, to conduct the Social Service Department of a convention there.

Avalon.—The pastor, Rev. M. A. Martin, informed his people at the close of the Sunday evening's service that he would resign at the end of his 3 years service in April. Much progress has been made during the time of his service. The church has come to self-support, the salary increases from $800 to $1,000, benevolences have increased 50 per cent, the membership doubled and $500 spent on improvement. Mr. Martin is not decided where he will go to but seeks vital work.

Lodi.—At a recent church meeting the people voted to ask Rev. C. C. Kirtland, formerly of Redwood, to become their pastor. A letter of acceptance from Mr. Kirtland was read to the congregation last Sunday morning and the new pastorate will begin April 1. The Redwood paper says: "The de-

parture of Mr. Kirtland is a source of deep regret among the people of Redwood City, by whom he is held in high esteem. During his pastorate of eight years he has done much good and has lightened the burdens of many by his consoling words and spiritual ministration. He has brought cheer to numerous homes and relieved those in distress. It will be difficult to fill his place.

Oakland Fourth.—The Registration Luncheon served by the ladies of the Fourth Congregational church, at noon on Thursday last, was followed by an extremely profitable afternoon in listening to a delightfully gentle, courteous and instructive address, on the lines of civic privileges and obligations, by Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney, President of the Civic League of California—also to a logical and clearly convincing talk, presenting the great importance of all women understanding and accepting the privileges of citizenship as given to them by the vote of the people of California, by our pastor Rev. B. L. Brittin. All were charmed by the gracious and generous attitude of Miss Whitney in presenting this appeal for earnest study and activity among all the women of the community and as many as fifty availed themselves of the attendance of a Deputy County Clerk and registered. Much enthusiasm has been awakened and new centers for study will be added to the already increasing number now established in California.

SOME SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NEWS NOTES.

Corona Union, Prado.

A brief but very notable pastorate has just closed at this rural church. Mr. Fenwicke L. Holmes, of Hartford seminary, a young man of winning personality and fine abilities, has spent nearly a year on this field. During the previous years of the history of the church, the services had been intermittent and were held in a schoolhouse. Within four months after the beginning of this pastorate, a combination bungalow church and parsonage was built and paid for, greatly to the delight and profit of the neighborhood. In a very vital way it has become a community center. Mr. Holmes has given himself with fine enthusiasm to the solution of the country problem. His success in the limited time for the experiment has been extraordinary. The church has been built up in membership and power. The people have rallied about him in his labors for community uplift. Especially have young people and children felt the impress of his life. His success with boys is remarkable. Boys from all the countryside have flocked to his boys' club. A number have been received into the church, through it.

It is with profound sorrow that the community parts with this choice young man. It is with regret, also, that he leaves the scenes of his country successes, but considerations of health demand that he seek the cooler atmosphere of the sea. He, therefore, has accepted the call of a company of people at Venice, who have asked him to lead them in the organization of a church at that place, a city of 3,000 people without a church. May God give him strength for his service, for he gives promise of exceptional effectiveness in the ministry.

Yucaipa.

The newly organized church at Yucaipa, situated in a beautiful valley near Redlands, was recognized by Council on March 4th. It was a happy people under the lead of the pastor, Rev. Floyd J. Seaman, who welcomed the coming of the Council. Rev. Chester Ferris, of Corona, was moderator. After reviewing the proceedings leading up to the organization, the Council voted to accord recognition. Dr. J. H. Williams of Redlands extended the fellowship of the churches, after which words of cheer and encouragement were spoken by the visiting delegates.

Mr. Seamen has been working in the community for about a year and has gathered about him a devoted band of people, courageous and hopeful in their much cherished enterprise. The influence of his fine personality upon the life of the community is marked. In the splendid future which Yucaipa Valley is bound to have, this community church may be expected to have a dominant influence. The organization starts with 48 charter members.

Sherman.

A Fellowship Conference was held with the Sherman church on the afternoon and evening of February 29th. This was the first in a series planned for purposes of fellowship and uplift. It is a method whereby it is hoped to bring neighboring churches into closer touch with each other. The Sherman Conference was a splendid success. The meeting was uplifting and spiritual. An atmosphere of warmth and cheer pervaded the session. It was good to be there.

The afternoon pragram was as follows:

What is it For, Superintendent; The Sherman Church, (a historical statement), Mr. N. B. Sweet, Clerk of the Sherman Church; The Pastor's Work, Rev. O. F. Thayer.

Then came Introduction of the Sherman Peop'e to the Conference; Introduction of Visitors to Sherman People.

Next, under, "The Community Church"; A Conscience, Mr. F. A. Clapp; A Witness, Rev. W. A. Gerrie; An Incarnation, Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D.

Next was A Heart Hour, led by Rev. Wm. Horace Day, D.D.

Evening session. Addresses by Rev. J. H. Lash, Supt. Larkin, Rev. Dana W. Bartlett, D. D.; Closing Prayer, Rev. W. P. Hardy.

The success of this first Conference was so marked as to lead us to expect splendid results from the later ones which are proposed. Twetny-one ministers and a number of laymen, representing other churches, were in attendance.

FIFTY YEARS AT LOCKEFORD.

On Wednesday and Thursday, March 6th and 7th, the Congregational church at Lockeford celebrated the completion of its first half-century. There were present quite a large clerical delegation including Secretaries Rathbone and Wikoff, Sink of Stockton, Patten of Sacramento, Miller and De Kay, former pastors, Rev. E. J. Singer and this writer, with Rev. W. H. Cooke and wife, the latter a child of this church, the pastors also of neighboring churches, the Methodist in Lockeford, the Presbyterian in Clemento, and the Christian in the nearby colony.

Several former lay members also came up to the feast. The modest house of worship was finely decorated with an inscription high above the pulpit, "A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you," and one on the opposite wall, "Be not weary in well-doing," and with 1862-1912 and a word of welcome conspicuous in several places. Oranges lighted the green on either side with festoons of crepe paper and smilax; and a bank of blossoming acacia rose from the rear of the pulpit platform.

The services began on Wednesday evening with a memorial sermon by Rev. G. H. De Kay, followed by the Lord's Supper. A large local choir led in the praise. On Thursday morning the guests were entertained by royal auto rides in the rich country round about, feasts for the eyes everywhere and roads that surpassed for solidity and smoothness anything of this sort which I have seen anywhere else in the state.

We returned ready for the feast of reason which awaited us in the historical papers read in the afternoon.

One of these prepared by Mrs. Delia M. Locke, from daily records kept by her during the entire period of the church's existence, ought to be preserved in the archives of our Conference, not only for its interest to this church but as affording to anyone who may be studying a century hence, the history of our churches—a picture of the fortunes and the doings of our rural churches in the formative half-century now past.

I hope to give in another jotting, some of the more striking facts thus brought to view, when the paper itself shall have come to hand.

Letters were read from former pastors and members. The story of the Sunday school, of the Young People's work, and of the Ladies' Aid Society was told, each in its turn: the last named appearing to have often rescued the church in times of financial straitness. The service was closed with a list of those who had finished their course and been transferred to the church of the First Born above, read by the pastor Rev. A. A. Kidder.

A ladies quartet from the First Congregational church of Stockton was with us throughout this afternoon and evening and helped our enjoyment greatly.

A banquet followed at the Odd Fellows' Hall, at which it is said 135 guests sat down. And still there were fragments to be gathered up, even as the great Teacher on another occasion commanded. The hall being too small for those who wished to hear the after-dinner speeches we repaired to the church and even this was crowded. It was good to be there.

The program was in part as follows:

In the Early Days, Rev. William C. Pond, D.D.; Our Ladies, Rev. H. G. Miller; Our Young People, Rev. A. B. Patton; Congregationalism and Our Country, Rev. Reuben H. Sink; The Newer Congregationalism, Rev. H. H. Wikoff; The Common Interest, Rev. J. B. Wilhoit; Our Village. Rev. S. W. Simonds; The Rural Sunday School, Mr. C. L. Bryant; Our Future, Rev. Leland D. Rathbone.

It will be seen that so long a program together with the very happy and witty words by which the pastor introduced the several speakers, must have held the audience till a very late hour, but the interest was maintained—I might almost say, grew— up to the very last moment.

Of late years this church has in several cases only begun to know and prize its pastor when through some adverse providence the tie has been sundered.

The Church is to be congratulated in now having in Mr. Kidder, the man for the place, who we hope may abide with his flock till it has lived and loved and grown well into its second half century. W. C. P.

FIELD NOTES.

Huber Burr.

My first "note" is that there must be much doing, Congregationally, which never gets into these columns. Everywhere I go, I find things doing, and sometimes done—and done so long ago as to be scarcely admissable to the news columns of an up-to-date weekly.

Is it the result of carelessness, lack of system, or supermodesty on the part of the local church? Whatever the cause, may there not be a remedy? There Must be.

Congregationalists in California and on the Pacific must have closer, more vital touch. There is power enough, but the spaces between are too wide—the current is broken in the jump. Few have any vital interest in our national church agencies; few know the personnel of the officiary.

The connecting link that will prove sufficient may be found in more church news. We need what a prominent pastor once called Congregational es prit de corps; but before that can be we must have (if I may coin the expression) a Congregational cognizance de corps! Real fellowship wants to keep track of the other fellow. Now, will not the other fellow write to the news columns of the "Pacific" and tell us what's doing. We want to know.

Things are doing at Ceres. Under the leadership of the C. E. Society a fine new bell has been placed in the church tower, and a new lighting system installed in the church. The prayer meeting of that society which I recently attended, was the most spiritual meeting which the writer has attended for many months.

The pastor at Ceres, Rev. A. E. Bradstreet, has just closed a successful series of meetings with the church formed last year at Central District, near Ceres. There were perhaps a dozen persons who took the definite stand for Christ.

Mrs. George W. Hinman occupied the Ceres pulpit Sunday morning, March 10, speaking upon the Chinese Missions in which she was teaching at the time of the famous Boxer uprising. The same theme was presented again at Central in the afternoon, thus planting the seeds of missionary interest in the new church there.

The Sunday school missionary writing these notes is frequently asked to assist in conducting revival meetings. This is possible, generally, only where there may be opportunity for Sunday school missionary work in adjacent regions. In such cases he will most willingly respond, in so far as limited time will permit.

WASHINGTON.

Edgewater Congregational Church, Seattle.

The history of Edgewater Congregational Church begins with the organization of a Sunday-school at Edgewater Dec. 30, 1888, by Rev. Samuel Greene of the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society. The first session of the Sunday School was held in the home of Mrs. George Anderson, who was its first superintendent. May 2nd, 1889, Rev. R. A. Beard, Congregational Home Missionary for Washington, met with a company of persons at the home of Mr. Hugh Russell of Fremont to consider the organization of a Congregational church. The outcome of the Conference was the organization of the First Congregational Church of Edgewater, the following persons being the charter members: Hugh Russell, Mrs. Mary Russell, William Ashworth, Mrs. Annie Ashworth, Margaret Ashworth and Bessie Ferguson.

Rev. Morgan P. Jones was called at once to the pastorate and on May 4th began his work. These Christians were a band of workers, and so earnestly did they push the work

that on Sept. 1, 1889, they dedicated their new church edifice.

The Rev. H. Ketcham was called April 23, 1893, and by special arrangement supplied the pulpit for six months.

Rev. John T. Nichols, of the now noted Yale Band, was called to the pastorate January 11, 1894, and served the church for nearly nine years. He was exceedingly popular as a pastor and did a great work among the young people of the parish. The church parlors were added.

Rev. H. Edward Mills, of Fort Scott, Kansas, was called January 15, 1903. He resigned at the close of 1905. During this pastorate the parsonage was built and the gymnasium added to the rear basement of the church. The work of the Sunday School and among the young people was conspicuous during this pastorate.

Rev. W. C. Kantner, D. D., was called January 28, 1906, and came to this work from Salem, Ore. He returned to Oregon in the spring of 1910. He was a strong preacher and a careful pastor.

The present pastorate began May 15, 1910, that of Dr. W. H. G. Temple. Under his wise and capable leadership the church is being greatly blessed.

There are now ten churches in a territory where at first Edgewater was alone. Looking to the future and a time of greater material prosperity this church has the vision of a new building and with that in view has purchased and partially paid for a splendid building site commanding in position and central in location.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Following a custom of long standing among churches of the Pilgrim faith, particularly in New England, but more honored in the breach than in the observance on the Pacific Coast, particularly in Oregon, Rev. Perry Frederick Schrock was formally installed as pastor by a regularly called council of the First Congregational Church of Salem last Wednesday. Mr. Schrock was called to the pastorate on November 9th of last year, from Deer Park Church, near Spokane, Washington, which he had served very successfully for six years. He accepted at once, and began his work in Salem in the latter part of January, 1912.

The council was organized at three o'clock p. m., by the election of Rev. W. C. Kantner, of University Park Church, Portland, Moderator, and Rev. G. N. Edwards, of the Oregon City Church, Scribe.

The churches represented in the council, being called by letters missive, were as follows: First Church, Walla Walla, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, pastor; First Church, Corvallis, Rev. E. T. Sherman, pastor; First Church, Eugene, Rev. C. M. Spangler, pastor, and Deacon J. B. Hopkins, delegate; First Church, Hubbard, Rev. Frank C. Butler, pastor; First Church, Oregon City, Rev. G. N. Edwards, pastor; University Park Church, Portland, Rev. W. C. Kantner, pastor; Highland Church, Portland, Rev. E. S. Bollinger, pastor; Central Church, Salem, Z. E. Battey, delegate. In addition to the foregoing, the following persons, to whom letters missive had been sent, were present and recognized as members of the Council: Dr. W. N. Ferrin, President Pacific University, Forest Grove; Prof. William M. Proctor, also of Pacific University; Rev. Howard N. Smith, Superintendent of the C. S. S. & P. S. for Oregon; George H. Himes, Portland.

The records of the church respecting the call of Mr. Schrock and his acceptance were examined and found regular in every detail.

An address was then given by Mr. Schrock clearly outlining his conception of the duties of a Congregational minister, which made most favorable impression upon the Council. At its close many questions relating to a minister's work were propounded and promptly and satisfactorily answered. In response to the question, "What induced you to call a council for the purpose of being installed?" Mr. Schrock said, in substance; "I did so, first, because I am a Congregationalist, and a council of installation is an old Congregational custom, though much neglected throughout the entire country in these latter years; second, in my opinion, it adds dignity to the pastoral office; third, I desired to call this council in order to bring Congregationalists together from different parts of the State, so that we might become better acquainted, and further, to introduce to Salem some of the leading Congregationalists of the Pacific Northwest."

At the close of the examination the council by unanimous vote decided that it would be proper to install Mr. Schrock, and adjourned to eight o'clock p. m.

At six o'clock p. m. the Pilgrim Club of the church entertained the delegates and friends at a chicken dinner provided by the Ladies' Aid Society. Mr. F. W. Steusloff, President of the Club, acted as toastmaster. Rev. P. S. Knight, a former pastor of the Salem Church, welcomed the guests, and compared the present with the conditions he first knew when he came to Salem fifty-four years ago.

Prof. Proctor, of Pacific University, responded to the toast, "Why I am a Congregationalist?" He said, "First, I was born one; second, because of the breadth, toleration, independence and democracy of the polity; third, because of the positive force of Congregationalism in promoting education."

President Ferrin responded to the toast, "Pacific University," by saying, among other things, "The Pilgrim Fathers first planted a church, then a school house, then a college, and then a university; that the American idea of universal education and the belief in the people's ability and right to govern themselves are due more to Congregationalists than to any other one denomination."

Rev. E. S. Bollinger spoke on the subject, "What We Want to Do in Oregon?" In part he said "We must have higher, nobler, and clearer conception of the great work of the church of Jesus Christ. It is the work of the church to stand at the hopper of the destruction of character, and to prevent the boys and girls from being thrown

Rev. C. M. Spangler, of Eugene, and Rev. E. T. Sherman, of Corvallis, spoke of the progress of Christian work in their respective fields, that while there were many difficulties in the way, yet in persistently working for better conditions they received an uplift and viewed the outlook as increasingly hopeful.

The Council assembled at the appointed hour, and in addition there was a large audience. The following programme the minutes of the council, Scripture reading, Rev. E. T. Sherman; prayer, Rev. Howard N. Smith; violin solo: installation sermon, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks; hymn, congregation; charge to church, Rev. W. C. Kantner; charge to pastor; Rev G. N. Edwards; vocal solo; right hand of fellowship, Rev. E. S. Bollinger; greeting from Salem churches, Rev. David Errett, of the First Christian Church; doxology; benediction, by the pastor.

Thus ended a most impressive service, and one marked throughout by an excellent spirit of Christian fellowship; and in the opinion of your correspondent it would be well for Congregationalism in Oregon if there were services of like character more frequently.

Portland, March 17, 1912.

The Home.

TOGETHER.

They played together,
Strayed together;
They sorrowed, too, together;
Achieved together,
Grieved together.
They sought the true together,
Advanced together,
Danced together;
They laughed and sang together;
They groped together,
Hoped together,
In age grew young—together!

John Kendrick Bangs

THE PLACE OF TRIFLES.

We often talk about the tyranny of trifles, which intrude themselves into our days, seeming to hinder us in the duties of wider scope, which we are pleased perhaps to call our real work. So large a proportion of each days' experience is taken up with doing over the things that were done the day before and must be done again on the day after that it is no wonder we sometimes rebel, and dream of the splendid aims we might compass, were we not continually held back by the necessity of considering unimportant details This is especially true of a woman's work; and it often happens that her courage fails sooner when she must look ahead to a monotonous round of little duties than if she could think of a great and difficult task to be begun, and finally completed, to leave room for something else. It is comparatively easy to talk of flinging ourselves into the work of the world and sustaining first-hand relations with the toilers; but, when our work is the eternal doing of little things that seem to leave us just where they found us, it is not so easy to feel the thrill of the larger vision or the conviction that our work really means anything, either to ourselves or to anybody else.

Trifles always hold the right of way. The minister's sermon must be laid aside unfinished just when he cares most for it, on account of some petty interruption that hinders his thought, ruffles his mind, and is not of the slightest consequence in itself to him, after all. The mother must adjust herself to a life full of breaks and interferences, sure only that she must take her opportunities on the wing if she means to make anything of them. We cannot even have a great joy or a great sorrow by itself. The heart may ache with unacknowledged pain; but dinner must be served at six o'clock, and we must be ready for it. Mark Twain's diary seems sometimes to represent the sum total of life for many of us, as the days go by undistinguished and almost unrecorded.

Yet there is often a real blessedness in the very insistence of the little things that claim our thoughts when we want to give ourselves to larger matters. How they hold us to our work and to our better selves in times of trouble by the incessant demands that cannot be ignored! They shake us out of the selfishness we might otherwise hardly discover. They make an overstrain of feeling seem melodramatic; and by the necessity of adjusting ourselves to them we acquire that saving sense of proportion which, even in the times of mental ecxitement, helps us keep our equilibrium and gain self-mastery, that best result of experience.

Habit thus developed rarely fails to asert its claims in a crisis. In Zangwill's novel, "The Master," the mother feels that she can stand the strain of her daily life no longer. It is not the thought of her children who would be motherless that holds back the weak, nervous, distracted woman; she has no remembrance of the responsibilities that rest on her and on her alone. It is just the sight of Matt's bare feet that arrests her thought and claims her attention. She sees that, if Matt does not have his socks and shoes immediately, he will surely catch another cold. Her motherly instincts triumph, and the volcanic fires in her breast are soon extinguished.

The real corrective for the dominance of trifles in our lives is to dignify them all by a great purpose running through them. If the aim of the minister is something more than the preparation of fine sermons, he will learn not to be too impatient at the unavoidable interruptions which will surely come. A mother must learn to hold her golden thread of purpose clear and straight, despite all the threatened knots and snarls of cross entanglements. There is no better use for a great passion or enthusiasm than just this of giving meaning to all the little things of life. If a great longing for education fill's a boy's heart, he is glad to meet the disagreeable conditions which that longing may force upon him. Splitting wood or caring for a furnace may then mean opportunity to him instead of drudgery. Sometimes a great love so fills the heart that it seems to inspire every little thing done from morning till night, and nothing ever seems a trifle if we do it for the sake of one we love.—Christian Register.

WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED.

When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried;
When the oldest colors have faded
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy;
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas,
With brushes of comet's hair.
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting,
And never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of working,
And each in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It—
For the God of Things as they Are!
—Rudyard Kipling.

Our Young People

THE LONELY LITTLE FLOWER.

Once there was a little flower that was very discontented where it grew. It grew beside a stone near a brook, and there were no other flowers near, and the trees grew over it and made it somewhat gloomy, and up beside it went a wall of cold gray rock. It liked to hear the brook talk, but still sometimes that made its lonesomeness worse; for the brook told about such lovely places up higher on the hill where it sounded as if it must be very gay all the time, with the sun and the wind, and many flowers bobbing and nodding about. The little flower would often drag her poor petals in the brook and sing mournfully.

One day it heard a great crashing and crackling through the woods near, then dreadful sharp noises rang out every little while.

"Oh, what can that be?" said the little flower to the brook.

"Some one shooting," said the brook, carelessly, as one speaks who is a little proud of being well informed.

"Oh, what does that mean?" asked the little flower, and so the brook went on still more proudly to explain.

Just then something came falling over the rock and down through the tree branches and upon the stone beside the little flower. The little flower almost cried out in distress. It was a poor thrush; its wing was broken and bleeding from the senseless shooting of the gunner in the woods.

"Waterwater!" moaned the little thrush. So the little flower, forgetting her own troubles, this time dipped her petals in the brook for a purpse, and, raising her tiny head, splashed drops of water over the poor little bird, and held some in her cup for him to drink. This she did often, and brushed him soothingly with her leaves. It was mild, lovely weather, and the flower was glad for the first time that the sun did not come piercing into the little nook, because the bird could keep cool and comfortable. So, with all the flower's care, finally the little wing was healed—a little bent, perhaps, but mended as nature mends things, and the little thrush could fly again. But the little flower was sad when he chirped and hopped and was rejoiced that he could go. Then the little bird said, "Oh, you mustn't cry, little flower; I will always come and sing to you, see if I don't." So he flew away. The little flower waited and was sure he would come back; and suddenly in the evening of the day he went she heard the loveliest, sweetest songs you can imagine. There the little thrush sat on a branch above. His mate came with him, too, and they began to build a nest. "Oh, I shall never be lonely again," said the little flower, and the brook whispered to her, "So, you see it was for a reason you grew in this lonely place; if you had not been here the poor little bird would have died!"

ANNIE CRAIG.

THE REASON WHY?

Until she was eight years old, Dillie had always contentedly and unquestionably celebrated the day with three small cousin-visitors and a big candle-cake, and would probably be still so doing if Aunt Belinda had not supplemented the present she sent her little niece with an up-to-date leap-year card inscribed:

To dear Dillie
On her second birthday,

which, naturally, set the little lass to thinking, wondering, remonstrating, and asking till every one was tired out, and Mother was forced to say: "That will do, Dillie; yes, I know it's hard to have but one really-truly birthday every four years, but we can go right on making the last day of the month do as heretofore; and you'll have to get Father to tell you just why that really-truly birthday year is called leap year. And now sit right down—here, Dillie, close to the little oil-heater, for it's really very cold—and let me do your hair." And mother proceeded to arrange Dillie's soft brown curls—chatting gayly the while with Aunt Mittie—with the handsome comb which had accompanied the card from Aunt Belinda.

"Why, Dillie, exclaimed Aunt Mittie, "how fine you must feel with such a beautiful comb! tortoise shell, I do declare!"

But the criss-cross wrinkle still hovered between Dillie's brown eyes, and her red mouth was drawn into pouty puckers which, however, gave way to the usual dimples when Mother held up the new hair-ribbons.

"Which shall it be, girlie?" asked she, "the pink? I think myself that's the most festive color," and, laying the comb for the moment down upon the flat round top of the oil-stove, Mother made ready to tie up one thick curl with the glossy ribbon when suddenly there was a blinding flash and a loud explosion which caused Aunt Mittie to start up wildly and overturn her rocking-chair, and made Millie jump backward clear over the cricket she'd been sitting upon, while Mother sprang towards the oil-stove which quietly kept on mildly glowing and sending out the grateful warmth required of it. But the comb! where was it? What had become of the new birthday comb? Disappearing entirely, it had vanished in thin air, leaving behind it only the thin strip of silver which had fortified its back and a strong smell of camphor.

"Why, 'twasn't tortoise-shell, at all," cried Aunt Mittie, when she had regained her feet and found her voice; "it was celluloid!"

"Poor Dillie-lass!" murmured Mother, gathering the little girl into her lap: "such a scare and that on her second birthday, too! You're not hurt, dearie, are you?"

Dillie shook her curls—all tossed and tumbled from her sudden backward plunge—and smiled a somewhat shaky smile (for she had in truth been wofully frightened), as she quavered, "Is that why they call it leap-year, Mother?"

KATE HUDSON.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

Perhaps we think we are pretty busy people, but we are idle compared with a poor slave, whose name is "Somebody Else." Whenever an awkward bit of work has to be done, it is sure to be left for her.

At a meeting, if the speaker asks for a good collection, people hope that "Somebody Else" may be able to give more than they "can afford at present."

If collecting cards or missionary boxes are proposed, a hesitating voice says, "I am always glad to do what I can, but as for collecting, I must leave that for "Somebody Else."

If a bit of practical self-denial is proposed, there are excellent reasons given why it should refer solely to "Somebody Else."

Now and then when a meeting is arranged for, so many persons stay at home "to leave a seat for 'Somebody Else,'" that the poor creature would need a thousand bodies to fill these reserved seats.

If a ringing call to go to the perishing heathen is heard, ten to one, "Somebody Else" is put forward as the very one for the work.

Just sit down for five minutes and think. Can you expect this unfortunate "Somebody Else" to do everything? How can she give and collect, and deny herself, and attend meetings, and go to the heathen, for the hundreds of people who pass their duties on to her?

No matter what others do, you let "Somebody Else" have a rest. Give her a well-earned holiday, and every time you feel inclined to leave anything for her to do, do it yourself.—The Round Table.

Some years ago the commanding officer of a military station gave orders that no one should be allowed to step over the grass where the cow was pastured. The next day the general's wife, wishing to make a short cut, started to walk from one path to another. "No one to pass here, madam!" said the sentry. The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I am," she demanded. "No, madam," replied the impassive soldier. "I do not know who you are. But I know you are not the general's cow, and nobody else is permitted to walk on this grass."—Harper's Young People.

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